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UNCLASSIFIED

SELECTIONS

from the Writ-

ings of Robert

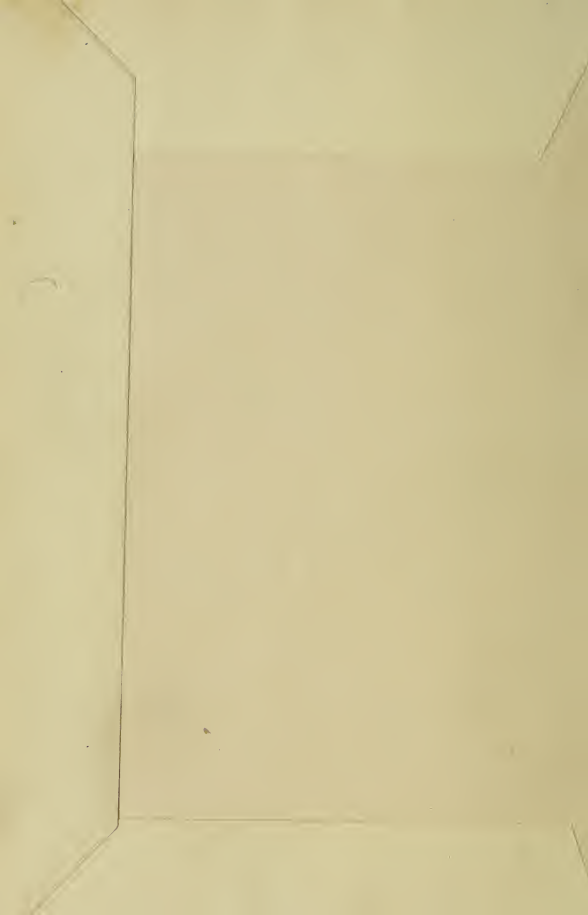
Browning—————



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SELECTIONS

FROM THE WRITINGS OF
ROBERT BROWNING ———

*Arranged under the Days of the Year, and
accompanied by Memoranda of Anniversaries
of Noted Events and of the Birth or Death
of Famous Men and Women ———*



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AND so I live, you see,
Go through the world, try, prove, reject,
Prefer, still struggling to effect
My warfare ; happy that I can
Be crossed and thwarted as a man,
Not left in God's contempt apart,
With ghastly smooth life, dead at heart,
Tame in earth's paddock as her prize.
Thank God, she still each method tries
To catch me, who may yet escape,
She knows, the fiend in angel's shape !
Thank God, no paradise stands barred
To entry, and I find it hard
To be a Christian, as I said !
Still every now and then my head
Raised glad, sinks mournful — all grows drear
Spite of the sunshine, while I fear
And think, " How dreadful to be grudged
No ease henceforth, as one that 's judged,
Condemned to earth forever, shut
From heaven ! "

But Easter-Day breaks ! But
Christ rises ! Mercy every way
Is infinite, — and who can say ?

CHRISTMAS-EVE AND EASTER-DAY.

25 Aug 57
J. E. H. W. W.



JANUARY 1-3

1. *Arthur Hugh Clough*, 1819.

Yet gifts should prove their use !
I own the Past profuse
Of power each side, perfection every turn ;
Eyes, ears took in their dole,
Brain treasured up the whole ;
Should not the heart beat once "How good to
live and learn ? "

RABBI BEN EZRA.

2. *James Wolfe*, 1727.

Is this our ultimate stage, or starting-place
To try man's foot, if it will creep or climb,
Mid obstacles in seeming, points that prove
Advantage for who vaults from low to high
And makes the stumbling-block a stepping-stone ?

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

3. *Douglas Jerrold*, 1803.

Still
I mind how love repaired all ill,
Cured wrong, soothed grief, made earth amends
With parents, brothers, children, friends !

EASTER-DAY.

JANUARY 4 - 7

4. *Rachel died*, 1858.

Love, we are in God's hand.
How strange now looks the life He makes us lead ;
So free we seem, so fettered fast we are !

ANDREA DEL SARTO.

5. *Benjamin Rush*, 1745.

Earth 's a mill where we grind and wear mufflers,
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So, grind away, mouth-wise and pen-wise,
Do all that we can to make men wise !
And if men prefer to be foolish,
Ourselves have proved horse-like not mulish ;
Sent grist, a good sackful to hopper,
And worked as the Master thought proper.

PACCHIAROTTO.

6. *Charles Sumner*, 1811.

For life, with all it yields of joy and woe,
And hope and fear — believe the aged friend, —
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love ;
How love might be, hath been indeed, and is ;
And that we hold thenceforth to the uttermost
Such prize despite the envy of the world,
And having gained truth, keep truth, that is all.

A DEATH IN THE DESERT.

7. *Israel Putnam*, 1718.

Truth is the strong thing. Let man's life be true !

IN A BALCONY.

JANUARY 8-11

8. *Robert Schumann*, 1810.

He holds on firmly to some thread of life —
(It is the life to lead perforce)
Which runs across some vast distracting orb
Of glory on either side that meagre thread,
Which, conscious of, he must not enter yet —
The spiritual life around the earthly life ;
The law of that is known to him as this,
His heart and brain move there, his feet stay here.

AN EPISTLE.

9. *Napoleon III. died*, 1873.

And why should I be sad, or lorn of hope ?
Why ever make man's good distinct from God's ?
Or, finding they are one, why dare distrust ?

PARACELSUS.

10. *Laud beheaded*, 1645.

No — 't is ungainly work, the ruling men, at best :
The graceful instinct's right ; 't is women stand
confessed

Auxiliary, the gain that never goes away,
Takes nothing and gives all.

FIFINE AT THE FAIR.

11. *Bayard Taylor*, 1825.

Then, evil is in its nature loud, while good
Is silent — you hear each petty injury —
None of his daily virtues.

PIPPA PASSES.

JANUARY 12-14

12. *John Winthrop*, 1588.

Is not God now i' the world His power first made ?
Is not His love at issue still with sin,
Visibly when a wrong is done on earth ?
Love, wrong, and pain, what see I else around ?

A DEATH IN THE DESERT.

13. *S. P. Chase*, 1808.

Why fell not things out so nor otherwise ?
Ask that particular devil whose task it is
To trip the all-but-at-perfection, — slur
The line o' the painter just where paint leaves off
And life begins, — put ice into the ode
O' the poet while he cries " Next stanza — fire !"
Inscribes all human effort with one word,
Artistry's haunting curse, the Incomplete !

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

14. *Bishop Berkeley* died, 1753.

He fixed thee mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance
This Present, thou, forsooth, would'st fain arrest ;
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

RABBI BEN EZRA.

JANUARY 15-17

15. *Molière*, 1622.

Never to be again ! But many more of the kind
As good, nay, better perchance : is this your com-
fort to me ?

To me, who must be saved because I cling with my
mind

To the same, same self, same love, same God :
ay, what was, shall be.

ABT VOGLER.

16. *Richard Savage*, 1697.

No, be man and nothing more —

Man who, as man conceiving, hopes and fears,
And craves and deprecates, and loves, and loathes,
And bids God help him, till death touch his eyes
And show God granted most, denying all.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES.

17. *Benjamin Franklin*, 1706.

For don't you mark ? We're made so that we
love

First when we see them painted, things we have
passed

Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see ;
And so they are better painted — better to us,
Which is the same thing — Art was given for
that !

God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out.

FRA LIPPO LIPPI.

JANUARY 18-21

18. *Daniel Webster*, 1782.

Why comes temptation but for man to meet
And master and make crouch beneath his foot,
And so be pedestalled in triumph? Pray
“Lead us into no such temptations, Lord!”
Yea, but, O Thou whose servants are the bold,
Lead such temptations by the head and hair,
Reluctant dragons, up to who dares fight,
That so he may do battle and have praise!

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

19. *Edgar Allan Poe*, 1809.

Anyhow, 't is the nature of the soul
To seek a show of durability,
Nor, changing, plainly be the slave of change.

RED COTTON NIGHT-CAP COUNTRY.

20. *Nathaniel Parker Willis*, 1807.

Youth, with its Beauty and Grace, would seem
bestowed on us for some such reason as to make us
partly endurable till we have time for really be-
coming so of ourselves, without their aid, when they
leave us.

A SOUL'S TRAGEDY.

21. *John Charles Frémont*, 1813.

Here, work enough to watch
The Master work, and catch
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true
play.

RABBI BEN EZRA.

JANUARY 22 - 24

22. *Bacon*, 1561 ; *Byron*, 1788.

Consider well !

Were knowledge all thy faculty, then God
Must be ignored ; love gains Him by first leap.
Frankly accept the creatureship : ask good
To love for : press bold to the tether's end
Allotted to this life's intelligence.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES.

23. *William Page*, 1811.

Fire is in the flint : true, once a spark escapes,
Fire forgets the kinship, soars till fancy shapes
Some befitting cradle where the babe had birth —
Wholly heaven's the product, unallied to earth.
Splendors recognized as perfect in the star ! —
In our flint their home was, housed as now they are.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES.

24. *Frederick the Great*, 1712.

Not for such hopes and fears
Annulling youth's brief years,
Do I remonstrate : folly wide the mark !
Rather I prize the doubt
Low kinds exist without,
Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark.

RABBI BEN EZRA.

JANUARY 25-28

25. *Robert Burns*, 1759.

God has conceded two sights to a man —
One, of men's whole work, time's completed plan,
The other, of the minute's work, man's first
Step to the plan's completeness ; what's dispersed
Save hope of that supreme step which, descried
Earliest, was meant still to remain untried
Only to give you heart to take your own
Step, and there stay — leaving the rest alone ?

SORDELLO.

26. *Benjamin R. Haydon*, 1786.

I recognize mankind
In all its height and depth, and length and breadth.
Mankind i' the main have little wants not large :
I, being of will and power to help i' the main,
Mankind, must help the least wants first.

PRINCE HOHENSTIEL-SCHWANGAU.

27. *Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart*, 1756.

There was no duty patent in the world
Like daring try be good and true myself,
Leaving the shows of things to the Lord of Show
And Prince o' the Power of the Air.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

28. *Charles George Gordon*, 1833.

When is man strong until he feels alone ?

COLOMBE'S BIRTHDAY.

JANUARY 29 - 31

29. *Emanuel Swedenborg*, 1688.

Shall not God stoop the kindlier to His work,
His marvel of creation, foot would crush,
Now that the hand He trusted to receive
And hold it, lets the treasure fall perforce ?
The better ; He shall have in orphanage
His own way all the clearer ; —
Who is it makes the soft gold hair turn black,
And sets the tongue, might lie so long at rest,
Trying to talk ? Let us leave God alone !

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

30. *Walter Savage Landor*, 1775.

But also, God, whose pleasure brought
Man into being, stands away
As it were, a handbreadth off, to give
Room for the newly-made to live,
And look at Him from a place apart,
And use his gifts of brain and heart,
Given indeed, but to keep forever.

CHRISTMAS-EVE.

31. *Franz Schubert*, 1797.

— God made all the creatures and gave them
Our love and our fear
To show, we and they are his children,
One family here.

SAUL.

FEBRUARY 1-4

1. *Arthur H. Hallam*, 1811.

Youth is the only time
To think and to decide on a great course ;
Manhood with action follows ; but 't is dreary
To have to alter our whole life in age —
The time past, the strength gone. STRAFFORD.

2. *Hannah More*, 1745.

Lied is a rough phrase; say he fell from truth
In climbing towards it ! FERISHTAH'S FANCIES.

3. *Frederic W. Robertson*, 1816.

Or say there 's beauty with no soul at all —
(I never saw it — put the case the same.)
If you get simple beauty and nought else,
You get about the best thing God invents :
That 's somewhat : and you 'll find the soul you have
missed,
Within yourself, when you return Him thanks.
FRA LIPPO LIPPI.

4. *Josiah Quincy*, 1772.

For I am 'ware it is the seed of act,
God holds appraising in his hollow palm,
Not act grown great thence on the world below,
Leafage and branchage vulgar eyes admire.
Therefore I stand on my integrity,
Nor fear at all. THE RING AND THE BOOK.

FEBRUARY 5-8

5. *Ole Bull*, 1810.

Rejoice we are allied
To That which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive !
A spark disturbs our clod ;
Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of his tribes that take, I must be-
lieve.

RABBI BEN EZRA.

6. *Madame de Sevigné*, 1626.

O 't were too absurd to slight
For the hereafter the to-day's delight !
Quench thirst at this, then seek next well-spring —
wear
Home-lilies ere strange lotus in my hair !

SORDELLO.

7. *Sir Thomas More*, 1480.

Aspire, break bounds ! I say,
Endeavor to be good, and better still,
And best ! Success is nought, endeavor's all.

RED COTTON NIGHT-CAP COUNTRY.

8. *Samuel Butler*, 1612.

Thank, praise, love
(Sum up thus) for the lowest favors first,
The commonest of comforts ! Aught beside
Very omnipotence had overlooked
Such needs, arranging for thy little life.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES.

FEBRUARY 9-11

9. *Murder of David Rizzio*, 1566.

Our human flower, sun-ripened, proffers scent
Though reason prove the sun lacks nose to feed
On what himself made grateful : flower and man,
Let each assume that scent and love alike
Being once born, must needs have use ! Man's part
Is plain — to send love forth, — astray, perhaps :
No matter, he has done his part.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES.

10. *Ary Scheffer*, 1795.

Oh, we're sunk enough here, God knows !
But not quite so sunk that moments,
Sure though seldom, are denied us,
When the spirit's true endowments
Stand out plainly from its false ones,
And apprise it if pursuing
Or the right way or the wrong way,
To its triumph or undoing.

CHRISTINA.

11. *Lydia Maria Child*, 1802.

I count life just a stuff
To try the soul's strength on, educe the man.
Who keeps one end in view makes all things serve.

IN A BALCONY.

FEBRUARY 12-15

12. *Abraham Lincoln*, 1809.

A people is but the attempt of many
To rise to the completer life of one.
And those who live as models for the mass
Are singly of more value than they all. LURIA.

13. *Talleyrand*, 1754.

Religion's all or nothing : it's no mere smile
O' contentment, sigh of aspiration, sir —
No quality o' the finelier-tempered clay
Like its whiteness or its lightness ; rather stuff
O' the very stuff, life of life and self of self.

MR. SLUDGE, "THE MEDIUM."

14. *Winfield Scott Hancock*, 1824.

Old folk and young folk, still at odds, of course !
Age quarrels because Spring puts forth a leaf
While Winter has a mind that boughs stay bare.

RED COTTON NIGHT-CAP COUNTRY.

15. *Ash Wednesday*.

Let us not always say
"Spite of this flesh to-day
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the
whole !"

As the bird sings and wings,
Let us cry "All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh
helps soul !"

RABBI BEN EZRA.

FEBRUARY 16-18

16. *Philip Melanchthon*, 1497.

He loves both old and young,
Able and weak, affects the very brutes
And birds — how say I ? flowers of the field —
As a wise workman recognizes tools
In a master's workshop, loving what they make.
Thus is the man as harmless as a lamb ;
Only impatient, let him do his best,
At ignorance and carelessness and sin.

AN EPISTLE.

17. *Michael Angelo died*, 1564.

I will pass by, and see their happiness,
And envy none — being just as great no doubt,
Useful to men, and dear to God, as they !

PIPPA PASSES.

18. *George Peabody*, 1795.

One cannot judge
Of what has been the ill and well of life,
The day that one is dying — sorrows change
Into not altogether sorrow-like ;
I do see strangeness but scarce misery,
Now it is over, and no danger more.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

FEBRUARY 19-21

19. *Copernicus*, 1473.

Enough now, if the Right
And Good and Infinite
Be named here, as thou callest thy hand thine own,
With knowledge absolute,
Subject to no dispute
From fools that crowded youth, nor let thee feel
alone.

RABBI BEN EZRA.

20. *Voltaire*, 1694.

Because the very fiends weave ropes of sand
Rather than taste pure hell in idleness.

A FORGIVENESS.

21. *John Henry Newman*, 1801.

Only grant my soul may carry high through death
her cup unspilled, . . .
I shall boast it mine — the balsam, bless each kindly
wrench that wrung
From life's tree its inmost virtue, tapped the root
whence pleasure sprung,
Barked the bole, and broke the bough, and bruised
the berry, left all grace,
Ashes in death's stern alembic, loosed elixir in its
place.

LA SAISIAZ.

FEBRUARY 22-25

22. *Washington*, 1732 ; *Lowell*, 1819.

God's work, be sure
No more spreads wasted, than falls scant :
He filled, did not exceed, man's want
Of beauty, in this life. — But through
Life pierce — and what has earth to do,
Its utmost beauty's appanage,
With the requirements of next stage ?

EASTER-DAY.

23. *Händel*, 1685.

But priests
Should study passion ; how else cure mankind,
Who come for help in passionate extremes ?

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

24. *George William Curtis*, 1824.

Wholly distrust thy knowledge, then, and trust
As wholly love allied to ignorance !
There lies thy truth and safety. Love is praise,
And praise is love !

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES.

25. *Sir Christopher Wren* died, 1723.

Each chooses, none gainsays
The fancy of his fellow, a paradise for him,
A hell for all beside. You can but crown the brim
O' the cup ; if it be full, what matters less or
more ?

FINE AT THE FAIR.

FEBRUARY 26 - 29

26. *Victor Hugo*, 1802.

Never enough faith in omnipotence —
Never too much, by parity, of faith
In impuissance, man's — which turns to strength
When once acknowledged weakness every way.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES.

27. *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*, 1807.

Because a man has shop to mind
In time and place, since flesh must live,
Needs spirit lack all life behind,
All stray thoughts, fancies fugitive,
All loves except what trade can give ? SHOP.

28. *Michel de Montaigne*, 1533.

Once the verse laid on shelf,
The picture turned to wall, the music fled from
ear, —
Each beauty, born of each, grows clearer and more
clear,
Mine henceforth, ever mine ! FINE AT THE FAIR.

29. *Rossini*, 1792.

How soon a smile of God can change the world !
How are we made for happiness — how work
Grows play, adversity a winning fight !

IN A BALCONY.

MARCH 1-3

1. *William Dean Howells*, 1837.

Everywhere

I see in the world the intellect of man,
That sword, the energy his subtle spear,
The knowledge which defends him like a shield —
Everywhere ; but they make not up, I think,
The marvel of a soul like thine, earth's flower
She holds up to the softened gaze of God !

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

2. *Pope Leo XIII.*, 1810.

Be sure that God

Ne'er dooms to waste the strength He deigns im-
part !

Ask the gier-eagle why she stoops at once
Into the vast and unexplored abyss,
What full-grown power informs her from the first,
Why she not marvels, strenuously beating
The silent boundless regions of the sky !
Be sure they sleep not whom God needs.

PARACELSUS.

3. *Edmund Waller*, 1606.

Better have failed in the high aim, as I,
Than vulgarly in the low aim succeed
As, God be thanked, I do not !

THE INN ALBUM.

MARCH 4 - 7

4. *Flora Macdonald died*, 1790.

In this world, who can do a thing, will not ;
And who would do it, cannot, I perceive ;
Yet the will's somewhat — somewhat too the
power —

And thus we half men struggle. At the end,
God, I conclude, compensates, punishes.

ANDREA DEL SARTO.

5. *James Madison*, 1751.

If you loved only what were worth your love,
Love were clear gain and wholly well for you :
Make the low nature better for your throes !
Give earth yourself, go up for gain above !

JAMES LEE'S WIFE.

6. *Elizabeth Barrett Browning*, 1809.

Never may I commence my song, my due
To God who best taught song by gift of thee,
Except with bent head and beseeching hand —
That still, despite the distance and the dark,
What was, again may be ; some interchange
Of grace, some splendor once thy very thought,
Some benediction anciently thy smile.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

7. *Sir Edwin Landseer*, 1802.

For unsuccess, explain it how you will,
Disqualifies you, makes you doubt yourself,
— Much more, is found decisive by your friends.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

MARCH 8-10

8. *A. H. Layard*, 1817.

Therefore to whom turn I but to thee the ineffable
Name ?

Builder and Maker, thou, of houses not made with
hands !

What, have fear of change from thee who art ever
the same ?

Doubt that thy power can fill the heart that thy
power expands ?

There shall never be one lost good ! What was
shall live as before.

ABT VOGLER.

9. *William Cobbett*, 1762.

As we broke up that old faith of the world,
Have we, next age, to break up this the new —
Faith, in the thing, grown faith in the report —
Whence need to bravely disbelieve report
Through increased faith in thing reports belie ?
Correct the portrait by the living face,
Man's God by God's God in the mind of man ?

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

10. *William Etty*, 1787.

What right have you to set
The thoughtless foot upon her life and mine,
And then say, as we perish, "Had I thought
All had gone otherwise."

A BLOT IN THE 'SCUTCHEON.

MARCH 11-13

11. *Torquato Tasso*, 1544.

What is it, at last,
But selfishness without example ? None
Could trace God's will so plain as you, while yours
Remained implied in it ; but now you fail,
And we, who prate about that will, are fools !
In short, God's service is established here
As He determines fit, and not your way,
And this you cannot brook ! Such discontent
Is weak. Renounce all creatureship at once !
Affirm an absolute right to have and use
Your energies ; as though the rivers should say —
“ We rush to the ocean ; what have we to do
With feeding streamlets, lingering in the vales,
Sleeping in lazy pools ? ”

PARACELSUS.

12. *Bishop Berkeley*, 1684.

But — shop each day and all day long !
Friend, your good angel slept, your star
Suffered eclipse, fate did you wrong !
From where these sorts of treasures are,
There should our hearts be — Christ, how far !

SHOP.

13. *Joseph Priestley*, 1733.

God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures
Boasts two soul sides, one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her.

ONE WORD MORE.

MARCH 14-17

14. *Robert Owen*, 1771.

There shall never be one lost good ! What was
shall live as before :

The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound :
What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so
much good more :

On the earth the broken arcs ; in the heaven, a perfect round.

ABT VOGLER.

15. *Andrew Jackson*, 1767.

And just because I was thrice as old,
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was nought to each, must I be told ?
We were fellow mortals, nought beside ?

EVELYN HOPE.

16. *Caroline L. Herschel*, 1750.

No, indeed ! for God above
Is mighty to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love ;
I claim you still, for my own love's sake.

EVELYN HOPE.

17. *Madame Roland*, 1754.

Echoes die off, scarcely reverberate
Forever, — why should ill keep echoing ill
And never let our ears have done with noise ?

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

MARCH 18-20

18. *Francis Lieber*, 1800.

The pattern on the Mount subsists no more,
Seemed awhile, then returned to nothingness ;
But copies, Moses strove to make thereby,
Serve still and are replaced as time requires ;
By them make newest vessels, reach the type !
If ye demur, this judgment on your head,
Never to reach the ultimate angels' law,
Indulging every instinct of the soul
There where law, life, joy, impulse are one thing !

A DEATH IN THE DESERT.

19. *David Livingstone*, 1813.

Oh, what a dawn of day !
How the March sun feels like May !
All is blue again
After last night's rain,
And the South dries the hawthorn-spray.
Only, my Love's away !
I'd as lief that the blue were gray.

A LOVER'S QUARREL.

20. *Sir Isaac Newton died*, 1727.

There may be Heaven ; there must be Hell ;
Meantime, there is our earth here — well !

TIME'S REVENGES.

MARCH 21-24

21. *Cranmer burnt*, 1556.

No, when the fight begins within himself,
A man's worth something — God stoops o'er his
 head,
Satan looks up between his feet — both tug —
He's left, himself, i' the middle ; the soul wakes
And grows — Prolong that battle through his life !
Never leave growing till the life to come !

BISHOP BLOUGRAM'S APOLOGY.

22. *Emperor William of Germany*, 1797.

You are Christians ; somehow, no one ever plucked
A rag, even, from the body of the Lord
To wear and mock with, but, despite himself,
He looked the greater and was the better.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

23. *Pierre Simon Laplace*, 1749.

Constance, I know not how it is with men,
For women (I am a woman now like you)
There is no good of life but love — but love !
What else looks good, is some shade flung from
 love ;
Love gilds it, gives it worth.

IN A BALCONY.

24. *Longfellow died*, 1882.

Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for ?

ANDREA DEL SARTO.

MARCH 25-27

25. *Palm Sunday.*

There is, beside the works, a tale of Thee
In the world's mouth which I find credible;
I love it with my heart : unsatisfied,
I try it with my reason, nor discept
From any point I probe and pronounce sound.

.
Beyond the tale, I reach into the dark,
Feel what I cannot see, and still faith stands.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

26. *Nathaniel Bowditch, 1773.*

My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud Earth ever stretched ;
That after Last, returns the First,
Though a wide compass round be fetched;
That what began best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst.

APPARENT FAILURE.

27. *Vera Cruz taken by Scott, 1847.*

Just as I cannot, till myself convinced,
Impart conviction, so, to deal forth joy
Adroitly, needs must I know joy myself.
Renounce joy for my fellow's sake ? That's joy
Beyond joy.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES.

MARCH 28-31

28. *Thomas Clarkson, 1760.*

“Friend,” quoth Ferishtah, “all I seem to know
Is — I know nothing save that love I can
Boundlessly, endlessly.”

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES.

29. *Swedenborg died, 1772.*

“Forsake the Christ thou sawest transfigured, Him
Who trod the sea and brought the dead to life ?
What should wring this from thee !” — ye laugh
and ask.

What wrung it ? Even a torchlight and a noise,
And fear of what the Jews might do ! Just that,
And it is written, “ I forsook and fled : ”

There was my trial, and it ended thus.

Ay, but my soul had gained its truth, could grow.

A DEATH IN THE DESERT.

30. *Good Friday.*

'T was a thief said the last kind word to Christ ;
Christ took the kindness and forgave the theft.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

31. *Joseph Haydn, 1732.*

Such ever was love's way ; to rise it stoops.

A DEATH IN THE DESERT.

APRIL 1-4

1. *Easter.*

Good, to forgive :
Best, to forget !
Living, we fret :
Dying, we live.
Fretless and free,
Soul, clap thy pinion !
Earth have dominion,
Body, o'er thee !

PISGAH-SIGHTS.

2. *Hans Christian Andersen, 1805.*

Euripides grown calm !
Calmness supreme means dead and therefore safe.

ARISTOPHANES' APOLOGY.

3. *George Herbert, 1593.*

O thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest !

PROSPICE.

4. *James Freeman Clarke, 1810.*

For the preacher's merit or demerit,
It were to be wished the flaws were fewer
In the earthen vessel, holding treasure
Which lies as safe in a golden ewer ;
But the main thing is, does it hold good measure ?
Heaven soon sets right all other matters !

CHRISTMAS-EVE.

APRIL 5-7

5. *Sir Henry Havelock*, 1795.

This way, men are men,
No difference ! best and worst, they love their boys
After one fashion ; wealth they differ in —
Some have it, others not : but each and all
Combine to form the children-loving race.

HERAKLES.

6. *Raphael* born, 1483 ; died, 1520.

Was there nought better than to enjoy ?
No feat which done, should make time break,
And let us pent-up creatures through
Into eternity, our due ?
No forcing earth teach heaven's employ ?

No grasping at love, gaining a share
O' the sole spark from God's life at strife
With death, so, sure of range above
The limits here ? For us and love
Failure ; but, when God fails, despair.

Dfs ALITER VISIUM.

7. *William Wordsworth*, 1770.

Into the truth of things —
Out of their falseness rise, and reach thou and re-
main !

FIFINE AT THE FAIR.

APRIL 8-11

8. *George Washington Greene*, 1811.

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England — now !

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD.

9. *Adelina Patti*, 1843.

All is best, believe,
And we best as no other than we are.

IN A BALCONY.

10. *Hortense de Beauharnais*, 1783.

Never again elude the choice of tints !
White shall not neutralize the black, nor good
Compensate bad in man, absolve him so :
Life's business being just the terrible choice.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

11. *Edward Everett*, 1794.

Mere largeness in a life is something, sure, —
Enough to care about and struggle for.

COLOMBE'S BIRTHDAY.

APRIL 12-14

12. *Henry Clay*, 1777.

Had I no experience how a lip's mere tremble,
Look's half hesitation, cheek's just change of color,
These effect a heartquake, — how should I con-
ceive

What a heaven there may be ? Let it but resemble
Earth myself have known ! No bliss that's finer,
fuller,

Only — bliss that lasts, they say, and fain would I
believe.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES.

13. *Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford*, 1593.

So absolutely good is truth, truth never hurts
The teller, whose worst crime gets somehow grace
avowed.

FIFINE AT THE FAIR.

14. *Lincoln assassinated*, 1865.

Fool not thus

In practising with life and its delights !
Enjoy the present gift, nor wait to know
The unknowable — Enough to say " I feel
Love's sure effect, and being loved, must love
The love its cause behind — I can and do " !

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES.

APRIL 15-17

15. *Louis Adolph Thiers*, 1797.

Knowledge means
Ever-renewed assurance by defeat
That victory is somehow still to reach :
But love is victory, the prize itself ;
Love trust to ! Be rewarded for the trust
In trust's mere act. In love success is sure,
Attainment — no delusion — whatsoe'er
The prize be : apprehended as a prize,
A prize it is.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES.

16. *Sir John Franklin*, 1786.

My whole life long I learned to love.
This hour my utmost art I prove
And speak my passion — heaven or hell ?
She will not give me heaven ? 'T is well !
Lose who may — I still can say,
Those who win heaven, blest are they !

ONE WAY OF LOVE.

17. *William Gilmore Simms*, 1806.

Men being mortal should think mortal-like ;
Since to your solemn, brow-contracting sort,
All of them, — so I lay down law at least, —
Life is not truly life but misery.

BALAUSTION'S ADVENTURE.

APRIL 18-21

18. *George H. Lewes*, 1817.

Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go !
Be our joys three parts pain !
Strive and hold cheap the strain ;
Learn, nor account the pang ; dare, never grudge
the throe !

RABBI BEN EZRA.

19. *Lexington and Concord*, 1775.

By proved potency that still
Makes perfect, be assured come what come will,
What once lives never dies — what here attains
To a beginning, has no end, still gains
And never loses aught ; when, where, and how —
Lies in Law's lap.

PARLEYINGS.

20. *Napoleon III.*, 1808.

For, what are the voices of birds
— Ay, and of beasts, — but words — our words,
Only so much more sweet ?

PIPPA PASSES.

21. *Charlotte Brontë*, 1816.

We are beside thee, in all thy ways,
With our blame, with our praise,
Our shame to feel, our pride to show,
Glad, sorry — but indifferent, no !

THE FLIGHT OF THE DUCHESS.

APRIL 22 - 24

22. *Madame de Staël*, 1766.

The Lady's face stopped its play,
As if her first hair had grown gray —
For such things must begin some one day !
In a day or two she was well again ;
As who should say, “ You labor in vain !
This is all a jest against God, who meant
I should ever be, as I am, content
And glad in his sight ; therefore, glad I will be ” !
So, smiling as at first went she.

THE FLIGHT OF THE DUCHESS.

23. *Shakespeare* born, 1564 ; died, 1616.

I spoke as I saw.
I report, as a man may of God's work — all's love,
yet all's law.

SAUL.

24. *Anthony Trollope*, 1815.

Truth is within ourselves : it takes no rise
From outward things, whate'er you may believe ;
There is an inmost centre in us all,
Where truth abides in fulness ; and around
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,
This perfect, clear perception — which is truth.

PARACELSUS.

APRIL 25-28

25. *John Keble*, 1792.

Love, hope, fear, faith — these make humanity ;
These are its sign, and note, and character.

PARACELSUS.

26. *David Hume*, 1711.

If we have souls, know how to see and use,
One place performs, like any other place,
The proper service every place on earth
Was framed to furnish man with ; serves alike
To give him note that, through the place he sees,
A place is signified he never saw,
But if he lacks not soul, may learn to know.

RED COTTON NIGHT-CAP COUNTRY.

27. *Edward Gibbon*, 1737.

For if you would remember me aright —
As I was born to be — you must forget
All fitful, strange, and moody waywardness
Which e'er confused my better spirit, to dwell
Only on moments such as these, dear friends !
My heart no truer, but my words and ways
More true to it.

PARACELSUS.

28. *James Monroe*, 1758.

Speed that may !

Whatever be my chance or my despair,
What benefits mankind must glad me too.

PARACELSUS.

APRIL 29 — MAY 1

29. *David Cox*, 1783.

All nature self-abandoned, every tree
Flung as it will, pursuing its own thoughts
And fixed so, every flower and every weed,
No pride, no shame, no victory, no defeat ;
All under God, each measured by itself.
See God's approval on his universe !
Let us do so — aspire to live as these
In harmony with truth, ourselves being true !

IN A BALCONY.

30. *James Montgomery*, died, 1854.

But Art, — wherein man nowise speaks to men,
Only to mankind, — Art may tell a truth
Obliquely, do the thing shall breed the thought,
Nor wrong the thought, missing the mediate word.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

MAY

1. *Duke of Wellington*, 1769.

There must be many a pair of friends
Who, arm in arm, deserve the warm
Moon births and the long evening ends.

So for their sakes, be May still May !
Let their new time, as mine of old,
Do all it did for me ; I bid

Sweet sights and sounds throng manifold.

MAY AND DEATH.

MAY 2-5

2. *John Gorham Palfrey*, 1796.

O world, as God has made it ! All is beauty :
And knowing this is love, and love is duty.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

3. *Nicolas Macchiavelli*, 1469.

You only do right to believe you will get better
as you get older ! All men do so, — they are worst
in childhood, improve in manhood, and get ready in
old age for another world.

A SOUL'S TRAGEDY.

4. *William Hickling Prescott*, 1796.

—— 'T is not what man Does which exalts him, but
what man would do !
See the king — I would help him, but cannot, the
wishes fall through.
Could I wrestle to raise him from sorrow, grow poor
to enrich,
To fill up his life, starve my own out, I would —
knowing which,
I know that my service is perfect.

SAUL.

5. *Empress Eugénie*, 1826.

Life means — learning to abhor
The false, and love the true, truth treasured snatch
by snatch,
Waifs counted at their worth.

FIFINE AT THE FAIR.

MAY 6-8

6. *Assassination of Cavendish and Burke*, 1882.

That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice
over,

Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture !

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD.

7. *Robert Browning*, 1812.

Ah, that brave

Bounty of poets, the one royal race
That ever was, or will be, in the world !
They give no gift that bounds itself and ends
I' the giving and the taking : theirs so breeds
I' the heart and soul o' the taker, so transmutes
The man who only was a man before,
That he grows godlike in his turn, can give —
He also : share the poet's privilege,
Bring forth new good, new beauty, from the old.

BALAUSTION'S ADVENTURE.

8. *Le Sage*, 1688.

What were life

Did soul stand still therein, forego her strife
Through the ambiguous Present to the goal
Of some all-reconciling Future ?

PARLEYINGS.

MAY 9-12

9. *Schiller died*, 1805.

But love is the everspringing fountain :
Man may enlarge or narrow its bed
For the water's play, but the water-head —
How can he multiply or reduce it ?

CHRISTMAS-EVE.

10. *Rouget de Lisle*, 1760.

Such a starved bank of moss
Till that May-morn,
Blue ran the flash across ;
Violets were born !

World — how it walled about
Life with disgrace
Till God's own smile came out ;
That was thy face !

APPARITIONS.

11. *Dr. John Brown died*, 1882.

God's finger marks distinctions, all so fine,
We would confound — the Lesser has its use,
Which, when it apes the Greater is foregone,

LURIA.

12. *Dante Gabriel Rossetti*, 1828.

I did for once see right, do right, give tongue
The adequate protest : for a worm must turn
If it would have its wrong observed by God.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

MAY 13-16

13. *Alphonse Daudet*, 1840.

God ! Thou art Love ! I build my faith on that !
I know thee, thou hast kept my path and made
Light for me in the darkness — tempering sorrow,
So that it reached me like a solemn joy :
It were too strange that I should doubt thy love.

PARACELsus.

14. *Lord Macartney*, 1737.

Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive ;
Ten, who in ears and eyes
Match me ; we all surmise,
They, this thing, and I, that ; whom shall my soul
believe ?

RABBI BEN EZRA.

15. *Edmund Kean died*, 1833.

Make for port,
Crowd sail, crack cordage ! And your cargo be
A polished presence, a genteel manner, wit
At will, and tact at every pore of you !

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

16. *William H. Seward*, 1801.

Prayers move God ; threats, and nothing else move
men !

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

MAY 17-19

17. *Dr. Edward Jenner, 1749.*

Let Spring come : why, a man salutes her thus :

Dance, yellows and whites and reds —
Lead your gay orgy, leaves, stalks, heads
Astir with the wind in the tulip-beds !

There 's sunshine : scarcely a wind at all
Disturbs starved grass and daisies small
On a certain mound by a churchyard wall.

Daisies and grass be my heart's bedfellows
On the mound wind spares and sunshine mellows :
Dance you, reds and whites and yellows.

PARLEYINGS.

18. *Don Carlos relinquishes crown of Spain, 1845.*

If we could wait ! The only fault 's with Time :
All men become good creatures, — but so slow !

LURIA.

19. *Hawthorne died, 1864.*

We are not babes, but know the minute's worth,
And feel that life is large and the world small,
So, wait till life have passed from out the world.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

MAY 20-23

20. *John Stuart Mill*, 1806.

Was this true ?

Could man indeed avail, mere praise of his,
To help by rapture God's own rapture too,
Thrill with a heart's red tinge that pure pale bliss ?

EPILOGUE.

21. *John Hookham Frere*, 1769.

How inexhaustibly the spirit grows !
One object, she seemed erewhile born to reach
With her whole energies and die content,
So like a wall at the world's end it stood,
With nought beyond to live for, — is it reached ?
Already are new undreamed energies
Outgrowing under and extending further
To a new object ; there 's another world !

LURIA.

22. *Richard Wagner*, 1813.

I took you — how could I otherwise ?
For a world to me, and more ;
For all, love greatens and glorifies
Till God 's a-glow, to the loving eyes
In what was mere earth before.

JAMES LEE'S WIFE.

23. *Thomas Hood*, 1798.

Respect all such as sing when all alone.

PARACELSUS.

MAY 24 - 26

24. *Queen Victoria*, 1819.

A breath of God made manifest in flesh
Subjects the world to change from time to time ;
Alters the whole conditions of our race
Abruptly, not by unperceived degrees,
Nor play of elements already there,
But quite new leaven, leavening the lump,
And liker, so, the natural process.

PRINCE HOHENSTIEL SCHWANGAU.

25. *Ralph Waldo Emerson*, 1803.

There is a vision in the heart of each
Of justice, mercy, wisdom ; tenderness
To wrong and pain, and knowledge of its cure —
And these, embodied in a woman's form
That best transmits them, pure as first received,
From God above her, to mankind below.

COLOMBE'S BIRTHDAY.

26. *Count Zinzendorf*, 1700.

There is
Heaven, since there is Heaven's simulation — earth ;
I sit possessed in patience : prison-roof
Shall break one day and Heaven beam over-head !

THE INN ALBUM.

MAY 27-29

27. *Dante Alighieri*, 1265.

Yet my poor spark had for its source, the sun :
Thither I sent the great looks which compel
Light from its fount : all that I do or am
Comes from the truth, or seen or else surmised,
Remembered or divined, as mere man may :
I know just so, nor otherwise.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

28. *Louis Agassiz*, 1807.

And thus looking within and around me, I ever
renew
(With that stoop of the soul which in bending up-
raises it too)
The submission of man's nothing-perfect to God's
all-complete,
As by each new obeisance in spirit I climb to his
feet.

SAUL.

29. *Patrick Henry*, 1736.

If this world last
One moment longer when man finds its Past
Exceed its Present — blame the Protoplast !
If we no longer see as you of old,
'T is we see deeper — Progress for the bold !

PARLEYINGS.

MAY 30-JUNE 2

30. *Peter the Great*, 1672.

Why complain ? Art thou so unsuspicious
That all's for an hour of essaying
Who's fit and who's unfit for playing
His part in the after-construction
— Heaven's Piece whereof Earth's the Induction ?
Things rarely go smooth at Rehearsal —
Wait patient the change universal,
And act, and let act, in existence !

PACCHIAROTTO.

31. *John Albion Andrew*, 1818.

I find earth not gray but rosy,
Heaven not grim but fair of hue.
Do I stoop ? I pluck a posy.
Do I stand and stare ? All's blue.

AT THE MERMAID.

JUNE

1. *Prince Imperial killed*, 1879.

How good is man's life here, mere living !
How fit to employ
The heart and the soul and the senses
Forever in joy !

SAUL.

2. *John Randolph*, 1773.

In mercy he was strong, at all events.
Enough ! he could not see a beast in pain,
Much less a man, without the will to aid.

RED COTTON NIGHT-CAP COUNTRY.

JUNE 3-5

3. *Sydney Smith*, 1771.

Why must the sin conceived thus, bring forth
death ?

I note how, within hair's breadth of escape,
Impunity and the thing supposed success,
Guido is found when the check comes, the change,
The monitory touch o' the tether — felt
By few, not marked by many, named by none
At the moment, only recognized aright
I' the fulness of the days, for God's, lest sin
Exceed the service, leap the line.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

4. *General Wolseley*, 1833.

Many a thrill
Of kinship I confess to with the powers
Called nature ; animate, inanimate,
In parts or in the whole, there 's something there
Man-like, that, somehow, meets the man in me.

PRINCE HOHENSTIEL-SCHWANGAU.

5. *Counts Egmont and Horn beheaded*, 1568.

Greed and strife,
Hatred and cark and care, what place have they
In yon blue liberality of heaven ?

ARISTOPHANES' APOLOGY.

JUNE 6-9

6. *William Francis Bartlett*, 1840.

This is the spray the bird clung to,
Making it blossom with pleasure,
Ere the high tree-top she sprung to
Fit for her nest and her treasure.
Oh what a hope beyond measure
Was the poor spray's, which the flying feet hung
to —
So to be singled out, built in, and sung to !

MISCONCEPTIONS.

7. *Millard Fillmore*, 1800.

This life is training and a passage ; pass —
Still, we march over some flat obstacle
We made give way before us ; solid truth
In front of it, were motion for the world ?
The moral sense grows but by exercise.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

8. *Charles Reade*, 1814.

The sorriest bat which cowers through noontide,
While other birds are jocund, has one time
When moon and stars are blinded, and the prime
Of earth is his to claim, nor find a peer. SORDELLO.

9. *John Howard Payne*, 1792.

So let us say — not “ since we know, we love ” !
But rather, “ since we love, we know enough.”

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES.

JUNE 10-12

10. *Francis L. Hawks*, 1798.

For thence, — a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks, —
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail :
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me ;
A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the
scale. RABBI BEN EZRA.

11. *Ben Jonson*, 1574.

Under a vertical sun, the exposed brain
And lidless eye and disemprisoned heart
Less certainly would wither up at once
Than mind, confronted with the truth of Him.
But time and earth case-harden us to live :
The feeblest sense is trusted most ; the child
Feels God a moment, ichors o'er the place,
Plays on and grows to be a man like us.

BISHOP BLOUGRAM'S APOLOGY.

12. *Charles Kingsley*, 1819.

Who knows which are the wise and which the
fools ?
God may take pleasure in confounding pride,
By hiding secrets with the scorned and base.
He who stoops lowest may find most. PARACELSUS

JUNE 13-16

13. *Thomas Arnold*, 1795.

My star, God's glow-worm ! Why extend
That loving hand of His which leads you,
Yet locks you safe from end to end
Of this dark world, unless He needs you,
Just saves your light to spend ?

POPULARITY.

14. *Harriet Beecher Stowe*, 1811.

Result, all judge : means, let none scrutinize
Save those aware how glory best is gained
By daring means to end, ashamed of shame,
Constant in faith that only good works good,
While evil yields no fruit but impotence !

ARISTOPHANES' APOLOGY.

15. *The Black Prince*, 1330.

"But — loved him" ? Friend I do not praise her love :
True love works never for the loved one so,
Nor spares skin-surface, smoothening truth away.
Love bids touch truth, endure truth, and embrace
Truth, though, embracing truth, love crush itself.
"Worship not me, but God !" the angels urge :
That is love's grandeur.

RED COTTON NIGHT-CAP COUNTRY.

16. *Judah Touro*, 1775.

Ah but the Best
Somehow eludes us ever, still might be
And is not !

SORDELLO.

JUNE 17-20

17. *Battle of Bunker Hill*, 1775.

There 's many a crown for who can reach.
Ten lines, a statesman's life in each !
The flag stuck on a heap of bones,
A soldier's doing ! what atones ?
They scratch his name on the Abbey-stones.
THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER.

18. *Waterloo*, 1815.

My pulse goes altogether with the heart
O' the Persian, that old Xerxes, when he stayed
His march to conquest of the world, a day
I' the desert, for the sake of one superb
Plane-tree which queened it there in solitude.
PRINCE HOHENSTIEL-SCHWANGAU.

19. *Blaise de Pascal*, 1623.

If any two creatures grew into one,
They would do more than the world has done :
Though each apart were never so weak,
Yet vainly through the world should ye seek
For the knowledge and the might
Which in such union grew their right.
THE FLIGHT OF THE DUCHESS.

20. *Accession of Queen Victoria*, 1837.

Since being true, devoted, constant — she
Found constancy, devotion, truth, the plain
And easy commonplace of character.

THE INN ALBUM.

JUNE 21 - 23

21. *Bishop Stubbs*, 1825.

But soon my soul repairs its fault
When, sharpening sense's hebetude,
She turns on my own life ! so viewed,
No mere mote's-breadth but teems immense
With witnessings of Providence ;
And woe to me if when I look
Upon that record, the sole book
Unsealed to me, I take no heed
Of any warning that I read !

CHRISTMAS-EVE.

22. *Thomas Day*, 1748.

Here and there a touch
Taught me, betimes, the artifice of things —
That all about, external to myself,
Was meant to be suspected, — not revealed
Demonstrably a cheat, — but half seen through.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES.

23. *Leibnitz*, 1646.

Who lives
With beasts assumes beast-nature look and voice,
And much more, thought — for beasts think. Self
ishness
In us met selfishness in them, deserved
Such answer as it gained.

THE INN ALBUM.

JUNE 24-26

24. *Sir John Ross, 1777.*

I, who saw power, see now love perfect too :
Perfect I call Thy plan :
Thanks that I was a man !
Maker, remake, complete, — I trust what Thou shalt
do !

RABBI BEN EZRA.

25. *Battle of Bannockburn, 1314.*

What's death then ? Even now
With so much knowledge, is it hard to bear
Brief interposing ignorance ? Is care
For a creation found at fault just there —
There where the heart breaks bond and outruns
time
To reach not follow what shall be ?

PARLEYINGS.

26. *Philip Doddridge, 1702.*

Have you found your life distasteful ?
My life did and does smack sweet.
Was your youth of pleasure wasteful ?
Mine I saved and hold complete.
Do your joys with age diminish ?
When mine fail me, I'll complain,
Must in death your daylight finish ?
My sun sets to rise again.

AT THE MERMAID.

JUNE 27 - 30

27. *Charles XII. of Sweden*, 1682.

This world's no blot for us
Nor blank ; it means intensely, and means good :
To find its meaning is my meat and drink.

FRA LIPPO LIPPI.

28. *Mazzini*, 1805.

Of all foes, fly the foolish one !
Wise, well-bred people make concession to !

HERAKLES.

29. *Mrs. Browning died*, 1861.

My own, see where the years conduct !
At first, 't was something our two souls
Should mix as mists do ; each is sucked
In each now : on, the new stream rolls,
Whatever rocks obstruct.

Think when our one soul understands
The great Word which makes all things new,
When earth breaks up and heaven expands,
How will the change strike me and you
In the house not made with hands ?

BY THE FIRESIDE.

30. *Horace Vernet*, 1789.

Depend on it, the change and the surprise
Are part o' the plan : 't is we wish steadiness :
Nature prefers a motion by unrest,
Advancement through this force that jostles that.

PRINCE HOHENSTIEL-SCHWANGAU.

JULY 1-3

1. *George Sand*, 1804.

Poor vaunt of life indeed,
Were man but formed to feed
On joy, to solely seek and find and feast ;
Such feasting ended, then
As sure an end to men ;
Irks care the crop-full bird ? Frets doubt the
 maw-crammed beast ? RABBI BEN EZRA.

2. *Garfield shot*, 1881.

In the eyes of God
Pain may have purpose and be justified :
Man's sense avails to only see, in pain,
A hateful chance no man but would avert,
Or, failing, needs must pity. Thanks to God
And love to man, — from man take these away,
And what is man worth ?

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES.

3. *Washington took command of American Army, 1775.*

Say not "a small event!" Why "small?"
Costs it more pain that this, ye call
A "great event," should come to pass,
Than that? Untwine me from the mass
Of deeds which make up life, one deed
Power shall fall short in, or exceed!

PIPPA PASSES.

JULY 4-7

4. *John Adams and Thomas Jefferson died, 1826.*

But little do or can the best of us ;
That little is achieved through liberty.
Who then dares hold, emancipated thus,
His fellow shall continue bound ? Not I,
Who live, love, labor freely, nor discuss
A brother's right to freedom. SONNET.

5. *David G. Farragut, 1801.*

He gathers earth's whole good into his arms
Standing as man, now, stately, strong and wise —
Marching to fortune, not surprised by her ;
One great aim like a guiding-star above —
Which tasks strength, wisdom, stateliness to lift
His manhood to the height that takes the prize.
COLOMBE'S BIRTHDAY.

6. *John Huss, 1373.*

A life to live, — and such a life ! a world
To learn, one's lifetime in, — and such a world !
However did the foolish pass for wise
By calling life a burden, man a fly
Or worm, or what's most insignificant ?
PRINCE HOHENSTIEL-SCHWANGAU.

7. *Nicholas, Czar of Russia, 1796.*

You little fancy what rude shocks apprise us
We sin ; God's intimations rather fail
In clearness than in energy. PARACELsus.

JULY 8-10

8. *La Fontaine*, 1621.

What imports

Fasting or feasting ? Do thy day's work, dare
Refuse no help thereto, — since help refused
Is hindrance sought and found. Win but the race —
Who shall object — “ He tossed three wine cups off,
And, just at starting, Lilith kissed his lips ” ?

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES.

9. *Henry Hallam*, 1777.

Doubt you if, in some such moment as she fixed me,
she felt clearly,
Ages past the soul existed, here an age 't is resting
merely,
And hence fleets again for ages : while the true end
sole and single,
It stops here for is, this love-way, with some other
soul to mingle ?

CRISTINA.

10. *Captain Marryatt*, 1792.

I cannot feed on beauty for the sake
Of beauty only : nor can drink in balm
From lovely objects for their loveliness ;
My nature cannot lose her first intent ;
I still must hoard, and heap, and class all truths
With one ulterior purpose ; I must know !

PARACELSUS.

JULY 11 - 14

11. *Peace of Villa Franca*, 1859.

Because of motherhood, each male
Yields to his partner place, sinks proudly in the
scale ;
His strength owned weakness, wit — folly, and
courage — fear,
Beside the female proved male's mistress — only
here.

IVAN IVANOVITCH.

12. *Henry David Thoreau*, 1817.

For men begin to pass their nature's bound,
And find new hopes and cares which fast supplant
Their proper joys and griefs ; and outgrow all
The narrow creeds of right and wrong, which fade
Before the unmeasured thirst for good ; while peace
Rises within them ever more and more.

PARACELSUS.

13. *Agnes Strickland died*, 1874.

Your hopes and fears, so blind and yet so sweet
With death about them.

BALAUSTION'S ADVENTURE.

14. *Jane Welsh Carlyle*, 1801.

As I look back, all is one milky way ;
Still bettered more, the more remembered, so
Do new stars bud while I but search for old,
And fill all gaps i' the glory, and grow him —
Him I now see make the shine everywhere.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

JULY 15-17

15 *Cardinal Manning*, 1808.

So gazing up, in my youth, at love
As seen through power, ever above
All modes which make it manifest,
My soul brought all to a single test —
That He, the eternal First and Last,
Who, in His power, had so surpassed
All man conceives of what is might, —
Whose wisdom, too, showed infinite,
— Would prove as infinitely good.

CHRISTMAS-EVE.

16. *Sir Joshua Reynolds*, 1723.

Never fear but there's provision
Of the devil's to quench knowledge, lest we walk
the earth in rapture !
Making those who catch God's secret just so much
more prize their capture !

CRISTINA.

17. *Isaac Watts*, 1674.

O lover of my life, O soldier-saint,
No work begun shall ever pause for death !
Love will be helpful to me more and more
I' the coming course, the new path I must tread,
My weak hand in thy strong hand, strong for that !

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

JULY 18-21

18. *William Makepeace Thackeray*, 1811.

Thou at first prompting of what I call God,
And fools call Nature, didst hear, comprehend,
Accept the obligation laid on thee,
Mother elect, to save the unborn child,
As brute and bird do, reptile and the fly,
Ay and, I nothing doubt, even tree, shrub, plant,
And flower o' the field, all in a common pact,
To worthily defend that trust of trusts,
Life from the Ever Living ! THE RING AND THE BOOK.

19. *John Martin*, 1789.

To any man renowned as happy once,
Reverses are a grave thing ; but to whom
Evil is old acquaintance, there 's no hurt
To speak of, he and misery are twins.

HERAKLES.

20. *Petrarch*, 1304.

Are there not, Festus, are there not Michal,
Two points in the adventure of the diver,
One — when a beggar, he prepares to plunge ?
One — when a prince, he rises with his pearl ?

PARACELSUS.

21. *Robert Burns died*, 1796.

Once sold the ware and pursed the pelf,
Chaffer was scarce his meat and drink,
Nor all his music — money-chink. SHOP.

JULY 22 - 24

22. *Garibaldi*, 1807.

Oh which were best, to roam or rest ?
The land's lap or the water's breast ?
To sleep on yellow millet-sheaves,
Or swim in lucid shallows, just
Eluding water-lily leaves,
An inch from Death's black fingers, thrust
To lock you, whom release he must ;
Which life were best on summer eves ?

IN A GONDOLA.

23. *Coventry Patmore*, 1816.

I have not chanted verse like Homer, no —
Nor swept string like Terpander, — no nor carved
And painted men like Phidias and his friend :
I am not great as they are, point by point.
But I have entered into sympathy
With these four, running these into one soul,
Who, separate, ignored each others' arts.
Say, is it nothing that I know them all ?

CLEON.

24. *John Philpot Curran*, 1750.

Needs must there be one way, our chief
Best way of worship : let me strive
To find it, and when found, contrive
My fellows also take their share !
This constitutes my earthly care.

CHRISTMAS-EVE.

JULY 25-28

25. *Coleridge died*, 1834.

And I was hers to live or to die.
As for finding what she wanted,
You know God Almighty granted
Such little signs should serve his wild creatures
To tell one another all their desires,
So that each knows what his friend requires,
And does his bidding without teachers.

THE FLIGHT OF THE DUCHESS.

26. *Winthrop Mackworth Praed*, 1802.

Dost thou blame
A soul that strives but to see plain, speak true,
Truth at all hazards? Oh this false for real,
This emptiness which feigns solidity, —
Ever some gray that's white and dun that's
black, —
When shall we rest upon the thing itself,
Not on its semblance?

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES.

27. *Thomas Campbell*, 1777.

If two lives join, there is oft a scar,
They are one and one, with a shadowy third;
One near one is too far.

BY THE FIRESIDE.

28. *Mary Anderson*, 1859.

Blame I can bear, though not blameworthiness.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

JULY 29 - 31

29. *Alexis de Tocqueville*, 1805.

We, the better part
Have chosen, though 't were only hope, —
Nor envy moles like you that grope
Amid your veritable muck,
More than the grasshoppers would truck,
For yours, their passionate life away,
That spends itself in leaps all day
To reach the sun, you want the eyes
To see, as they the wings to rise
And match the noble hearts of them.

EASTER-DAY.

30. *George Borrow* died, 1881.

Fool ! All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall ;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure :
What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be :
Time's wheel runs back or stops : Potter and clay
endure.

RABBI BEN EZRA.

31. *John Ericsson*, 1803.

And thou shalt know, those arms once curled
About thee, what we knew before,
How love is the only good in the world.

THE FLIGHT OF THE DUCHESS.

AUGUST 1-4

1. *Richard Henry Dana*, 1815.

Well — and you know, and not since this one year,
The quiet seaside country? So do I:
And like it, in a manner, just because
Nothing is prominently likeable
To vulgar eye without a soul behind,
Which, breaking surface, brings before the ball
Of sight a beauty buried everywhere.

RED COTTON NIGHT-CAP COUNTRY.

2. *Cardinal Wiseman*, 1802.

If I spoke a word
First of all
Up his cheek the color sprung,
Then he heard.

IN A YEAR.

3. *Columbus set sail from Palos*, 1492.

I profess no other share
In the selection of my lot, than this,
A ready answer to the will of God.

PARACELSUS.

4. *Percy Bysshe Shelley*, 1792.

One character

Denotes them through the progress and the stir, —
A need to blend with each external charm,
Bury themselves, the whole heart wide and warm,
In something not themselves.

SORDELLO.

AUGUST 5-7

5. *Charles Fechter died*, 1879.

— Man knows partly but conceives beside,
Creeps ever on from fancies to the fact,
And in this striving, this converting air
Into a solid he may grasp and use,
Finds progress, man's distinctive mark alone,
Not God's and not the beasts' ; God is, they are,
Man partly is and wholly hopes to be.

A DEATH IN THE DESERT.

6. *Afred, Lord Tennyson*, 1809.

See, as the prettiest graves will do in time,
Our poet's wants the freshness of its prime ;
Headstone and half-sunk footstone lean awry,
Wanting the brickwork promised by and by :
How the minute gray lichens, plate o'er plate
Have softened down the crisp-cut name and date.

FAME.

7. *Joseph Rodman Drake*, 1795.

No ! youth once gone is gone !
Deeds let escape are never to be done,
Leaf-fall and grass-spring for the year : for us
Oh forfeit I unalterably thus
My chance ? nor two lives wait me, this to spend
Learning save that ?

SORDELLO.

AUGUST 8-11

8. *Defeat of Spanish Armada*, 1588.

Who needs be told "The space
Which yields thee knowledge, — do its bounds embrace

Well-willing and wise-working, each at height ?

Enough ; beyond thee lies the infinite —

Back to thy circumspection !"

PARLEYINGS.

9. *John Dryden*, 1631.

In brief, the man was angry with himself,
With her, with all the world and much beside ;
And so the unseemly words were interchanged
Which crystallize what else evaporates,
And make misty petulance grow hard
And sharp inside each softness, heart and soul.

RED COTTON NIGHT-CAP COUNTRY.

10. *Sir Charles James Napier*, 1782.

Ay, dead loves are the potent !

Like any cloud they used you,

Mere semblance you, but substance they !

ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER.

11. *Jeffries Wyman*, 1814.

For I, a man, with men am linked,

And not a brute with brutes ; no gain

That I experience, must remain

Unshared.

CHRISTMAS-EVE.

AUGUST 12-14

12. *Robert Southey*, 1774.

Love's undoing
Taught me the worth of love in man's estate,
And what proportion love should hold with power
In his right constitution ; love preceding
Power, and with much power, always much more
love ;
Love still too straitened in its present means,
And earnest for new powers to set it free.

PARACELSUS.

13. *Battle of Blenheim*, 1704.

Say that I hated her for no one cause
Beyond my pleasure so to do, — what then ?
Just on as much incitement acts the world,
All of you ! Look and like ! you favor one,
Browbeat another, leave alone a third, —
Why should you master natural caprice ?

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

14. *Park Benjamin*, 1809.

Oh the little more, and how much it is !
And the little less and what worlds away !
How a sound shall quicken content to bliss,
Or a breath suspend the blood's best play —
And life be a proof of this !

BY THE FIRESIDE.

AUGUST 15-18

15. *Thomas De Quincey*, 1786.

Do me justice always ? Bid my heart — their
shrine —

Render back its store of gifts, old looks and words
of thine

— Oh, so all unjust — the less deserved the more
divine ?

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES.

16. *Victoria's first message over Atlantic cable*, 1858.

As night needs day, as sun needs shade, so good

Needs evil ; how were pity understood

Unless by pain ?

PARLEYINGS.

17. *Fredrika Bremer*, 1801.

Let age approve of youth, and death complete the
same !

RABBI BEN EZRA.

18. *Francis Joseph of Austria*, 1830.

Waft of soul's wing !

What lies above ?

Sunshine and Love.

Skyblue and Spring !

Body hides — where ?

Ferns of all feather,

Mosses and heather,

Yours be the care !

PISGAH-SIGHTS.

AUGUST 19-21

19. *Béranger*, 1780.

Make no more giants, God,
But elevate the race at once. We ask
To put forth just our strength, our human strength,
Gifted alike, all eagle-eyed, true-hearted, —
See if we cannot beat Thy angels yet !

PARACELSUS.

20. *Robert Herrick*, 1591.

Is it not so
With the minds of men ?
The level and low,
The burnt and bare, in themselves ; but then
With such a blue and red grace, not theirs
Love settling unawares !

JAMES LEE'S WIFE.

21. *Lady Mary Wortley Montague* died, 1762.

Many of the little makes a mass of men
Important beyond greatness here and there :
As certainly as, in life exceptional,
When old things terminate, and new commence,
A solitary great man 's worth the world.
God takes the business into his own hands
At such a time : who creates the novel flower
Contrives to guard, and give it breathing room.

PRINCE HOHENSTIEL-SCHWANGAU.

AUGUST 22-25

22. *Sydney Dobell died, 1874.*

This is why Guido is found reprobate —
I see him furnished forth for his career,
On starting for the life-chance in our world,
With nearly all we count sufficient help ;
Body and mind in balance, a sound frame,
A solid intellect ; the wit to seek,
Wisdom to choose, and courage wherewithal
To deal with whatsoever circumstance
Should minister to man, make life succeed.
O, and much drawback ! what were earth without ?

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

23. *Cuvier, 1769.*

Art thou the tree that props the plant,
Or the climbing plant that seeks the tree —
Canst thou help us, must we help thee ?

THE FLIGHT OF THE DUCHESS.

24. *William Wilberforce, 1759.*

Thank you, and for the silence most of all.

LURIA.

25. *Baron de Bunsen, 1791.*

— How perplexed
Grows belief !
Well, this cold clay clod
Was man's heart :
Crumble it, and what comes next ?
Is it God ?

IN A YEAR.

AUGUST 26-28

26. *Prince Albert*, 1819.

Guido, speaker.

You never know what life means till you die ;
Even throughout life, 't is death that makes life
live,

Gives it whatever the significance —
Unmanned, remade ; I hold it probable —
With something changeless at the heart of me
To know me by, some nucleus that 's myself.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

27. *James Kirke Paulding*, 1779.

I would encircle me with love, and raise
A rampart of my fellows ; it should seem
Impossible for me to fail, so watched
By gentle friends who made my cause their own ;
They should ward off Fate's envy — the great gift,
Extravagant when claimed by me alone,
Being so a gift to them as well as me.
If danger daunted me or ease seduced,
How calmly their sad eyes should gaze reproach !

PARACELSUS.

28. *Goethe*, 1749.

Who knows most, doubts most : entertaining hope,
Means recognizing fear.

TWO POETS OF CROISIC.

AUGUST 29 - SEPTEMBER 1

29. *John Frederick Denison Maurice*, 1805.

Pompilia, speaker.

Yes, everybody that leaves life sees all
Softened and bettered : so with other sights ;
To me at least was never evening yet
But seemed far beautifuller than its day,
For past is past.

THE RING AND THE BOOK

30. *Sir John Ross died*, 1856.

Was it something said,
Something done,
Vexed him ? Was it touch of hand
Turn of head ?
Strange ! that very way
Love begun :
I as little understand
Love's decay.

IN A YEAR.

31. *John Bunyan died*, 1688.

Bounteous God,
Deviser and dispenser of all gifts
To soul through sense, — in Art the soul uplifts
Man's best of thanks.

PARLEYINGS.

SEPTEMBER

1. *Battle of Sedan*, 1870.

You must mix some uncertainty
With faith, if you would have faith be.

EASTER-DAY.

SEPTEMBER 2-4

2. *John Howard*, 1726.

God's gift was that man should conceive of truth
And yearn to gain it, catching at mistake,
As midway help till he reach fact indeed.
The statuary ere he mould a shape
Boasts of a like gift, the shape's idea, and next,
The aspiration to produce the same ;
So taking clay, he calls his shape thereout,
Cries ever, " Now I have the thing I see ;"
Yet all the while goes changing what was wrought,
From falsehood like the truth, to truth itself.
God only makes the live shape at a jet.

A DEATH IN THE DESERT.

3. *Chateaubriand*, 1768.

So, all that the old Dukes had been, without know-
ing it,
This Duke would fain know he was, without being
it.

THE FLIGHT OF THE DUCHESS.

4. *Phæbe Cary*, 1824.

So with me,
Who move and make, — myself — the black, the
white,
The good, the bad of life's environment.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES.

SEPTEMBER 5 - 8

5. *Wieland*, 1733.

To me, that story — ay, that Life and Death
Of which I wrote “it was” — to me, it is ;
— Is, here and now ; I apprehend nought else.

A DEATH IN THE DESERT.

6. *Lafayette*, 1757.

I profess
To know just one fact — my self-consciousness, —
'Twixt ignorance and ignorance enisled, —
Knowledge.

PARLEYINGS.

7. *Queen Elizabeth*, 1533.

We do not see it where it is,
At the beginning of the race ;
As we proceed, it shifts its place,
And where we looked for crowns to fall,
We find the tug's to come, — that's all.

EASTER-DAY.

8. *Ariosto*, 1474.

Oh I should fade — 't is willed so ! Might I save
Gladly I would, whatever beauty gave
Joy to thy sense, for that was precious too.
It is not to be granted. But the soul
Whence the love comes, all ravage leaves that whole ;
Vainly the flesh fades ; soul makes all things
new.

ANY WIFE TO ANY HUSBAND.

SEPTEMBER 9-11

9. *Battle of Flodden*, 1513.

So, still within this life,
Though lifted o'er its strife,
Let me discern, compare, pronounce at last,
"This rage was right i' the main,
"This acquiescence vain :
"The Future I may face now I have proved the
Past.

RABBI BEN EZRA.

10. *Mungo Park*, 1771.

For I say, this is death, and the sole death,
When a man's loss comes to him from his gain,
Darkness from light, from knowledge ignorance,
And lack of love from love made manifest.

A DEATH IN THE DESERT.

11. *James Thomson*, 1700.

Be glad thou hast let light into the world,
Through that irregular breach o' the boundary, —
see
The same upon the path and march assured,
Learning anew the use of soldiership,
Self-abnegation, freedom from all fear,
Loyalty to the life's end ! Ruminating,
Deserve the initiatory spasm, —
Work, be unhappy, but bear life, my son !

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

SEPTEMBER 12-15

12. *Charles Dudley Warner*, 1829.

What? was man made a wheel-work to wind up,
And be discharged, and straight wound up anew?
No! — grown, his growth lasts; taught, he ne'er
forgets:

May learn a thousand things, not twice the same.

A DEATH IN THE DESERT.

13. *Julius Charles Hare*, 1795.

Wall upon wall are between us; life

And song should away from heart to heart!

I — prison-bird, with a ruddy strife

At breast, and a lip whence storm-notes start,

Hold on, hope hard in the subtle thing

That's spirit: though cloistered fast, soar free:

Account as wood, brick, stone, this ring

Of the rueful neighbors, and — forth to thee!

A WALL.

14. *Dante died*, 1321.

You were wrong, you see; that's well to see, though
late;

That's all we may expect of man, this side

The grave: his good is — knowing he is bad.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

15. *James Fenimore Cooper*, 1789.

Soul — too weak, forsooth,

To cope with fact — wants fiction everywhere!

Mine tires of falsehood; truth at any cost!

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES.

SEPTEMBER 16-18

16. *Francis Parkman*, 1823.

But see the double way wherein we are led,
How the soul learns diversely from the flesh !
With flesh, that hath so little time to stay,
And yields mere basement for the soul's emprise,
Expect prompt teaching.

. the body sprang
At once to the height, and stayed ; but the soul, —
no !

A DEATH IN THE DESERT.

17. *Battle of Antietam*, 1862.

Who knows what 's fit for us ? Had fate
Proposed bliss here should sublimate
My being — had I signed the bond —
Still one must lead some life beyond,
Have a bliss to die with, dim-described.

This foot once planted on the goal,
This glory-garland round my soul,
Could I descry such ? Try and test !
I sink back shuddering from the quest.
Earth being so good, would heaven seem best ?

THE LAST RIDE.

18. *Samuel Johnson*, 1709.

Take what is, trust what may be !
That 's Life's true lesson, — Eh ?

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES.

SEPTEMBER 19-22

19. *Lord Brougham*, 1779.

I can believe this dread machinery
Of sin and sorrow, would confound me else,
Devised — all pain, at most expenditure
Of pain by Who devised pain — to evolve
By new machinery in counterpart,
The moral qualities of man — how else ? —
To make him love in turn and be beloved,
Creative and self-sacrificing too,
And thus eventually God-like.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

20. *Battle of Alma*, 1854.

I suppose heaven is, through eternity,
The equalizing, ever and anon,
In momentary rapture, great with small,
Omniscience with intelligency, God
With man.

PRINCE HOHENSTIEL-SCHWANGAU.

21. *Savonarola*, 1452.

For the loving worm within its clod,
Were diviner than a loveless god
Amid his worlds, I will dare to say.

CHRISTMAS-EVE.

22. *Michael Faraday*, 1791.

Already had begun the silent work
Whereby truth, deadened of its absolute blaze,
Might need love's eye to pierce the o'erstretched
doubt.

A DEATH IN THE DESERT.

SEPTEMBER 23-25

23. *Euripides B. C.* 481. .

Five hundred years ere Paul spoke, Felix heard, —
How much of temperance and righteousness,
Judgment to come, did I find reason for,
Corroborate with my strong style that spared
No sin, nor swerved the more from branding brow
Because the sinner was called Zeus and God ?
How nearly did I guess at what Paul knew ?
How closely come, in what I represent
As duty, to his doctrine yet a blank ?

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

24. *Sharon Turner*, 1768.

Man's work is to labor and leaven —
As best he may — earth here with heaven ;
'T is work for work's sake that he 's needing :
Let him work on and on as if speeding
Work's end, but not dream of succeeding !
Because if success were intended,
Why, heaven would begin ere earth ended.

PACCHIAROTTO.

25. *Felicia Hemans*, 1794.

What 's a man's age ? He must hurry more, that 's
all :
Cram in a day, what his youth took a year to hold :
When we mind labor, then only we 're too old.

THE FLIGHT OF THE DUCHESS.

SEPTEMBER 26-29

26. *Lord Collingwood*, 1750.

Do you think I'd choose
That sort of new love to enslave me ?
Mine should have lapped me round from the begin-
ning ;
As little fear of losing it as winning !
Lovers grow cold, men learn to hate their wives,
And only parents' love can last our lives.

PIPPA PASSES.

27. *George Cruikshank*, 1792.

Nay, if you come to that, best love of all
Is God's ; then why not have God's love befall
Myself ?

PIPPA PASSES.

28. *Sir William Jones*, 1746.

And we shall all be equal at the last,
Or classed according to life's natural ranks,
Fathers, sons, brothers, friends — not rich, nor wise,
Nor gifted.

PARACELSUS.

29. *Horatio Nelson*, 1758.

He did too many grandnesses, to note
Much in the meaner things about his path ;
And, stepping there, with face toward the sun,
Stopped seldom to pluck weeds or ask their names.

BALAUSTION'S ADVENTURE.

SEPTEMBER 30 — OCTOBER 2

30. *Auguste Comte died, 1857.*

This filthy rags of speech, this coil
Of statement, comment, query and response,
Tatters all too contaminate for use,
Have no renewing ; He the Truth is, too,
The Word — we men in our degree may know
There, simply, instantaneously, as here
After long time and amid many lies,
Whatever we dare think we know indeed
— That I am I, as He is He — what else ?

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

OCTOBER

1. *Sir Edwin Landseer died, 1873.*

Nature has time to mend
Mistake, she knows occasion will recur —
Landslip or seabreach, how affects it her
With her magnificent resources ? I
Must perish once and perish utterly !

SORDELLO.

2. *Lyman Beecher, 1775.*

What but Thy measuring-rod
Meted forth heaven and earth ? more intimate
Thy very hands were busied with the task
Of making, in this human shape, a mask —
A match for that divine. Shall love abate
Man's wonder ? Nowise !

PARLEYINGS.

OCTOBER 3-6

3. *George Bancroft*, 1800.

Pure faith indeed — you know not what you ask !
Naked belief in God the Omnipotent,
Omniscient, Omnipresent, sears too much
The sense of conscious creatures to be borne.
It were the seeing Him, no flesh shall dare.

BISHOP BLOUGRAM'S APOLOGY.

4. *Guizot*, 1787.

You groped your way across my room i' the dear,
dark dead of night ;
At each fresh step a stumble was ; but once your
lamp alight,
Easy and plain you walked again ; so soon all wrong
grew right !

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES.

5. *Jonathan Edwards*, 1703.

Be love your light and trust your guide, with these
explore my heart !
No obstacle to trip you there, strike hands and souls
apart !
Since rooms and hearts are furnished so, — light
shows you, — need love start ?

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES.

6. *Jenny Lind*, 1821.

I looked beyond the world for truth and beauty ;
Sought, found, and did my duty.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES.

OCTOBER 7-9

7. *Archbishop Laud*, 1573.

Therefore I summon age
To grant youth's heritage,
Life's struggle having so far reached its term ;
Thence shall I pass, approved
A man, for aye removed
From the developed brute ; a God though in the
germ.

RABBI BEN EZRA.

8. *Philarête Charles*, 1798.

What, my soul ? See thus far and no farther ?
When doors great and small,
Nine-and-ninety flew ope at our touch, should the
hundredth appall ?
In the least things have faith, yet distrust in the
greatest of all ?
Do I find love so full in my nature, God's ultimate
gift,
That I doubt his own love can compete with it ?
Here the parts shift ?
Here the creature surpass the creator, — the end,
what began ?
Would I fain in my impotent yearning do all for
this man,
And dare doubt he alone shall not help him, who
yet alone can ?

SAUL.

9. *Cervantes*, 1547.

But no good supplants a good,
Nor beauty undoes beauty. BALAUSTION'S ADVENTURE.

OCTOBER 10-13

10. *Benjamin West*, 1738.

Who trusts
To human testimony for a fact
Gets this sole fact — himself is proved a fool ;
Man's speech being false, if but by consequence
That only strength is true, while man is weak,
And, since truth seems reserved for heaven not
earth,
Should learn to love what he may speak one day.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

11. *Samuel G. Drake*, 1798.

Grant me (once again) assurance we shall each meet
each some day,
Walk — but with how bold a footstep ! on a way —
but what a way !
— Worst were best, defeat were triumph, utter loss
were utmost gain.
Can it be, and must, and will it ?

LA SAISIAZ.

12. *Hugh Miller*, 1802.

Feel how my life broke off from thine,
How fresh the splinters keep and fine, —
Only a touch and we combine !

IN THREE DAYS.

13. *Battle of Hastings*, 1066.

God's in his heaven.
All's right with the world !

PIPPA PASSES.

OCTOBER 14-16

14. *William Penn*, 1644.

Well, is the thing we see salvation ? I
Put no such dreadful question to myself,
Within whose circle of experience burns
The central truth, Power, Wisdom, Goodness, —
God ;

I must outlive a thing ere know it dead ;
When I outlive the faith there is a sun,
When I lie, ashes to the very soul, —
Some one, not I, must wail above the heap,
“ He died in dark whence never morn arose.”

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

15. *Allan Ramsay*, 1686.

Some think, Creation 's meant to show Him forth ;
I say it 's meant to hide Him all it can,
And that 's what all the blessed evil 's for.
Its use in Time is to environ us
Our breath, our drop of dew, with shield enough
Against that sight till we can bear its stress.

BISHOP BLOUGRAM'S APOLOGY.

16. *Noah Webster*, 1758.

I say, such love is never blind ; but rather
Alive to every the minutest spot
Which mars its object, and which hate (supposed
So vigilant and searching) dreams not of.

PARACELSUS.

OCTOBER 17-20

17. *Sir Philip Sidney died, 1586.*

I know my own appointed patch i' the world,
What pleasures me or pains there ; all outside —
How he, she, it, and even thou, Son, live,
Are pleased or pained, is past conjecture, once
I pry beneath the semblance, — all that 's fit,
To practise with, — reach where the fact may lie
Fathom-deep lower.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES.

18. *Thomas Love Peacock, 1785.*

All my days, I 'll go the softlier, sadlier,
For that dream 's sake ! How forget the thrill
Through and through me as I thought "The glad-
lier
Lives my friend because I love him still !"

FEARS AND SCRUPLES.

19. *Leigh Hunt, 1784.*

This self-possession to the uttermost,
How does it differ in aught save degree,
From the terrible patience of God ?

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

20. *Thomas Hughes, 1823.*

Here, blindfold through the maze of things we
walk

By a slight thread of false, true, right and wrong.

KING VICTOR AND KING CHARLES.

OCTOBER 21 - 23

21. *Alphonse de Lamartine, 1792.*

That low man goes on adding one to one,
His hundred 's soon hit ;
This high man aiming at a million,
Misses an unit.
That, has the world here — should he need the next,
Let the world mind him !
This, throws himself on God, and unperplexed
Seeking shall find him.

A GRAMMARIAN'S FUNERAL.

22. *Henry Richard, Lord Holland, died, 1840.*

Man's mind — what is it but a convex glass
Wherein are gathered all the scattered points
Picked out of the immensity of sky,
To reunite there, be our heaven on earth,
Our known unknown, our God revealed to man ?
Here by the little mind of man, reduced
To littleness that suits his faculty.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

23. *Francis Jeffrey, 1773.*

He looked at her as a lover can ;
She looked at him as one who awakes ;
The past was a sleep, and her life began.

THE STATUE AND THE BUST.

OCTOBER 24-27

24. *Sir James Mackintosh*, 1765.

The common problem, yours, mine, every one's,
Is — not to fancy what were fair in life
Provided it could be, — but, finding first
What may be, then find how to make it fair
Up to our means ; a very different thing !

BISHOP BLOUGRAM'S APOLOGY.

25. *Thomas Babington Macaulay*, 1800.

Thou, patient thus, couldst rise from law to law,
The old to the new, promoted at one cry
O' the trump of God to the new service, not
To longer bear, but henceforth fight, be found
Sublime in new impatience with the foe !

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

26. *Von Moltke*, 1800.

Wander at will,
Day after day, —
Wander away,
Wandering still —
Soul that can soar !
Body may slumber :
Body shall cumber
Soul-flight no more.

PISGAH-SIGHTS.

27. *Capt. Cook*, 1728.

Why crown whom Zeus has crowned in soul be-
fore ?

BALAUSTION'S ADVENTURE.

OCTOBER 28 - 31

28. *Erasmus*, 1467.

The inward work and worth
Of any mind, what other mind may judge
Save God who only knows the thing He made,
The veritable service He exacts ?
It is the outward product men appraise.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

29. *John Keats*, 1795.

Where his fellow failed,
Mastered by his own means of might, — acquist
Of necessary sorrows, — he prevailed,
A strong since joyful man who stood distinct
Above slave-sorrows to his chariot linked.

THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC.

30. *Richard Brinsley Sheridan*, 1751.

Ask thy lone soul what laws are plain to thee,
Thee and no other, — stand or fall by them !
This is the part for thee ; regard all else
For what it may be — Times 's illusion.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES.

31. *John Evelyn*, 1620.

Oh the little more, and how much it is !
And the little less and what worlds away !
How a sound shall quicken content to bliss,
Or a breath suspend the blood's best play,
And life be a proof of this !

BY THE FIRESIDE.

NOVEMBER 1-3

1. *All Saints.*

And she is gone ; sweet human love is gone !
'T is only when they spring to heaven that angels
Reveal themselves to you ; they sit all day
Beside you, and lie down at night by you,
Who care not for their presence — muse or sleep —
And all at once they leave you and you know
 them !

PARACELSUS.

2. *Marie Antoinette, 1755.*

Youth ended, I shall try
My gain or loss thereby ;
Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold ;
And I shall weigh the same,
Give life its praise or blame ;
Young, all lay in dispute ; I shall know, being old.

RABBI BEN EZRA.

3. *William Cullen Bryant, 1794.*

 Beside my stretch
Of blacks and whites, I see a world of woe
All round about me. . . .
Thus fare my fellows, swallowed up in gloom
So far as I discern ; how far is that ?
God's care be God's ! 'T is mine — to boast no joy
Unsobered by such sorrows of my kind
As sully with their shade my life that shines.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES.

NOVEMBER 4-6

4. *Guido Reni*, 1575.

"You are sick, that 's sure " — they say ;

"Sick of what ? " — they disagree.

"T is the brain " — thinks Doctor A.,

"T is the heart " — holds Doctor B.,

"The liver — my life I 'd lay ! "

"The lungs ! " "The lights ! " Ah me !

So ignorant of man's whole

Of bodily organs plain to see —

So sage and certain, frank and free,

About what 's under lock and key —

Man's soul !

DRAMATIC IDYLS.

5. *Hans Sachs*, 1494.

Life is stocked with germs of torpid life : but may
I never wake

Those of mine whose resurrection could not be with-
out earthquake :

Rest all such, unraised forever ! Be this, sad yet
sweet, the sole

Memory evoked from slumber ! Least part this:
then what the whole ?

LA SAISIAZ.

6. *Princess Charlotte died*, 1817.

I look

With hope to age at last, which quenching much
May let me concentrate the sparks it spares.

PAULINE.

NOVEMBER 7-10

7. *Battle of Tippecanoe*, 1811.

Take all in a word ; the truth in God's breast
Lies trace for trace upon ours impressed ;
Though He is so bright and we are so dim,
We are made in His image to witness Him.

CHRISTMAS-EVE.

8. *John Milton died*, 1674.

Man lumps his kind i' the mass ; God singles thence
Unit by unit — Thou and God exist.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES.

9. *Albert Edward, Prince of Wales*, 1841.

She had
A heart — how shall I say ? too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed ; she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 't was all one ! my favor at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the west,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace — all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least.

MY LAST DUCHESS.

10. *Oliver Goldsmith*, 1728.

Trust me blood-warmth never yet
Betokened strong will.

A FORGIVENESS.

NOVEMBER 11-13

11. *Thomas Bailey Aldrich*, 1837.

I say that man was made to grow, not stop ;
That help he needed once, and needs no more,
Having grown but an inch by, is withdrawn :
For he hath new needs, and new helps to these.
This imports solely, man should mount on each
New height in view ; the help whereby he mounts,
The ladder-rung his foot has left, may fall,
Since all things suffer change save God the Truth.
Man apprehends Him newly at each stage
Whereat earth's ladder drops, its service done.

A DEATH IN THE DESERT.

12. *Richard Baxter*, 1615.

Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal
and woe ;
But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the
ear ;
The rest may reason and welcome ; 't is we musi-
cians know.

ABT VOGLER.

13. *Edwin Booth*, 1833.

Saints to do us good
Must be in heaven, I seem to understand :
We never find them saints before, at least.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

NOVEMBER 14-17

14. *Lavater*, 1741.

Here the probation was for thee,
To show thy soul the earthly mixed
With heavenly, it must choose betwixt.
The earthly joys lay palpable, —
A taint, in each, distinct as well ;
The heavenly flitted, faint and rare
Above them, but as truly were
Taintless, so, in their nature, best.

EASTER-DAY.

15. *Andrew Marvell*, 1620.

And, all day, I sent prayer like incense up
To God the strong, God the beneficent,
God ever mindful in all strife and strait,
Who, for our own good, makes the need extreme,
Till at the last He puts forth might and saves.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

16. *John Bright*, 1811.

“Heaven,” saith the sage, “is with us, here inside
Each man ;” Hell also simpleness subjoins.

RED COTTON NIGHT-CAP COUNTRY.

17. *George Grote*, 1794.

By the pain-throb, triumphantly winning intensified
bliss,
And the next world's reward and repose, by the
struggles in this.

SAUL.

NOVEMBER 18-21

18. *Sir David Wilkie*, 1785.

Only grant a second life, I acquiesce
In the present life as failure, count misfortune's
 worst assaults
Triumph, not defeat, assured that loss so much the
 more exalts
Gain about to be.

LA SAISIAZ.

19. *Thorwaldsen*, 1770.

But intellect adjusts the means to end,
Tries the low thing, and leaves it done, at least ;
No prejudice to high thing, intellect
Would do and will do, only give the means.

RED COTTON NIGHT-CAP COUNTRY.

20. *Queen Margherita*, 1851.

Good you are and wise, full circle : what to me
 were more outside ?
Wiser wisdom, better goodness ? Ah, such want the
 angel's wide
Sense to take and hold and keep them ! mine at
 least has never tried.

FERISITAH'S FANCIES.

21. *Crown Princess Victoria of Germany*, 1840.

Death reads the title clear —
What each soul for itself conquered from out things
 here.

FIFINE AT THE FAIR.

NOVEMBER 22-24

22. *George Eliot*, 1819.

For at what moment did I so advance
Near to knowledge as when frustrate of escape from
ignorance ?

Did not beauty prove most precious when its oppo-
site obtained

Rule, and truth seem more than ever potent because
falsehood reigned ?

LA SAISIAZ.

23. *Evert A. Duyckink*, 1816.

While for love — Oh how but, losing love, does
whoso loves succeed

By the death-pang to the birth-throe — learning
what is love indeed ?

LA SAISIAZ.

24. *Lawrence Sterne*, 1713.

Man I am and man would be, Love, merest man
and nothing more —

Bid me seem no other ! Eagles boast of pinions —
let them soar !

I may put forth angel's plumage, once unmanned,
but not before.

Now on earth, to stand suffices, — nay, if kneeling
serves, to kneel :

Here you front me, here I find the all of heaven
that earth can feel.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES.

NOVEMBER 25-28

25. *John Gibson Lockhart died, 1854.*

Rejoice that man is hurled
From change to change unceasingly,
His soul's wings never furled !

JAMES LEE'S WIFE.

26. *Marshal Soult died, 1850.*

Euripides, speaker.

Thus, bold

Yet self-mistrusting, should man bare himself,
Most assured on what now concerns him most —
The law of his own life, the path he prints —
Which law is virtue and not vice, I say, —
And least inquisitive where least search skills,
I' the nature we best give the clouds to keep.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

27. *Frances Anne Kemble, 1809.*

God takes time —

I like the thought he should have lodged me once
I' the hole, the cave, the hut, the tenement,
The mansion, and the palace ; made me learn
The feel o' the first, before I found myself
Loftier i' the last, not more emancipate ;
From first to last of lodging, I was I,
And not at all the place that harbored me.

PRINCE HOHENSTIEL-SCHWANGAU.

28. *William Blake, 1757.*

Sun-treader, I believe in God and truth
And love.

PAULINE.

NOVEMBER 29—DECEMBER 1

29. *Rhoda Broughton*, 1840.

Eating my breakfast, I thanked God. For love
Shown in the cherries' flavor? Consecrate
So pretty an example? There's the fault!
We circumscribe omnipotence. Search sand
To unearth water; if first handful scooped
Yields thee a draught, what need of digging down
Full fifty fathoms deep to find a spring
Whereof the pulse would deluge half the land?
Drain the sufficient drop, and praise what checks
The drouth that glues thy tongue.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES.

30. *Mark Lemon*, 1809.

I am near the end; but still not at the end:
All till the very end is trial in life.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

DECEMBER

1. *Princess of Wales*, 1844.

Grow old along with me
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all nor be
afraid."

RABBI BEN EZRA.

DECEMBER 2 - 5

2. *Battle of Austerlitz*, 1805.

But why must cold spread ? But wherefore bring
change

To the spirit,

God meant should mate his with an infinite range,
And inherit

His power to put life in the darkness and cold ?

Oh live and love worthily, bear and be bold !

JAMES LEE'S WIFE.

3. *Mary Lamb*, 1764.

As age — youth,

So death completes living, shows life in its truth.

PARLEYINGS.

4. *Thomas Carlyle*, 1795.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good,
shall exist ;

Not its semblance, but itself ; no beauty, nor good,
nor power

Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for
the melodist,

When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.

AET VOGLER.

5. *Mozart died*, 1791.

And thus I knew this earth is not my sphere,

For I cannot so narrow me but that

I still exceed it.

PAULINE.

DECEMBER 6-8

6. *Richard H. Barham*, 1788.

Pompilia, speaker.

So let him wait God's instant men call years :
Meantime hold hard by truth and his great soul,
Do out the duty ! Through such souls alone
God stooping shows sufficient of his light
For us in the dark to rise by — and I rise.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

7. *Allan Cunningham*, 1784.

Caponsacchi, speaker.

To have to do with nothing but the true,
The good, the eternal — and these, not alone
In the main current of the general life,
But small experiences of every day,
Concerns of the particular hearth and home ;
To learn not only by a comet's rush
But a rose's birth, — not by the grandeur, God —
But the comfort, Christ.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

8. *Mary Stuart*, 1542.

Infancy ? what if the rose-streak of morning
Pale and depart in a passion of tears ?
Once to have hoped is no matter for scorning !
Love once — e'en love's disappointment endears !
A minute's success pays the failure of years.

PARLEYINGS.

DECEMBER 9-11

9. *John Milton*, 1608.

So, the year's done with !
 (*Love me forever !*)
All March begun with
 April's endeavor ;
May-wreaths that bound me
 June needs must sever !
Now snows fall round me,
 Quenching June's fever —
 (*Love me forever !*)

EARTH'S IMMORTALITIES.

10. *Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet*, 1787.

How can man love but what he yearns to help !
And that which men think weakness within strength,
But angels know for strength and stronger yet —
What were it else but the first things made new,
But repetition of the miracle,
The divine instance of self-sacrifice
That never ends and aye begins for man ?

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

11. *Charles XII. killed in battle*, 1718.

Soul,
Nothing has been that shall not bettered be
Hereafter.

PARLEYINGS.

DECEMBER 12-15

12. *Heinrich Heine*, 1797.

Knowledge doubt
Even wherein it seems demonstrable !
Love, — in the claim for love, that 's gratitude
For apprehended pleasure, nowise doubt !
Pay its due tribute, — sure that pleasure is,
While knowledge may be, at the most.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES

13. *Arthur Penryhn Stanley*, 1815.

Over the ball of it,
Peering and prying,
How I see all of it,
Life there, outlying !
Roughness and smoothness,
Shine and defilement,
Grace and uncouthness ;
One reconciliation.

PISGAH-SIGHTS.

14. *Prince Albert died*, 1861.

Others mistrust and say " But time escapes !
Live now or never !"
He said " What 's time ? Leave now for dogs and
apes !
Man has Forever."

A GRAMMARIAN'S FUNERAL.

15. *Henry Chorley*, 1808.

I could not love him, but his mother did.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

DECEMBER 16-18

16. *Mary Russell Mitford*, 1787.

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth
too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in
the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the
bard ;
Enough that he heard it once : we shall hear it
by and by.

ABT VOGLER.

17. *Beethoven*, 1770.

For break through Art and rise to poetry,
Bring Art to tremble nearer, touch enough
The verge of vastness to inform our soul
What orb makes transit through the dark above,
And there 's the triumph ! — there the incomplete,
More than completion, matches the immense —
Then, Michelagnolo against the world !

RED COTTON NIGHT-CAP COUNTRY.

18. *Samuel Rogers died*, 1855.

He ventured neck or nothing — heaven's success
Found or earth's failure :
“ Wilt thou trust death or not ? ” He answered
“ Yes !
Hence with life's pale lure ” !

A GRAMMARIAN'S FUNERAL.

DECEMBER 19 - 22

19. *J. M. W. Turner, died, 1851.*

I am in motion, and all things beside
That circle round my passage through their midst, —
Motionless, these are, as regarding me :
. but plain they serve
This, if no other purpose — stuff to try
And test my power upon of raying light
And lending hue to all things as I go
Moonlike through vapor.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES.

20. *John Wilson Croker, 1780.*

No ! love which, on earth, amid all the shows of it
Has ever been seen the sole good of life in it,
The love, ever growing there, spite of the strife
in it,
Shall arise, made perfect, from death's repose
of it !

CHRISTMAS-EVE.

21. *Lord Beaconsfield, 1805.*

And I shall behold Thee face to face,
O God, and in Thy light retrace,
How in all I loved here still wast Thou !

CHRISTMAS-EVE.

22. *Thomas Wentworth Higginson, 1823.*

Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what need'st thou
with earth's wheel ?

RABBI BEN EZRA.

DECEMBER 23-25

23. *C. A. Sainte-Beuve*, 1804.

After how many modes, this Christmas-Eve,
Does the selfsame weary thing take place ?
The same endeavor to make you believe,
And with much the same effect, no more :
Each method abundantly convincing,
As I say, to those convinced before
But scarce to be swallowed without wincing,
By the not-as-yet-convinced. CHRISTMAS-EVE.

24. *Matthew Arnold*, 1822.

He who did most shall bear most ; the strongest
shall stand the most weak.
'T is the weakness in strength, that I cry for ! my
flesh that I seek
In the Godhead ! I seek and I find it.

25. *Christmas*.

O Saul, it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee : a Man like
to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by forever : a Hand
like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee !
See the Christ stand ! SAUL.

DECEMBER 26 - 29

26. *St. Stephen.*

The death I fly, revealed
So oft a better life this life concealed,
And which sage, champion, martyr, through each
path
Have hunted fearlessly —
— 'T was well for them : let me become aware
As they, and I relinquish life, too ! Let
What masters life declare itself !

SORDELLO.

27. *St. John Evangelist.*

St. John speaks. Can they share
— They, who have flesh, a veil of youth and
strength
About each spirit, that needs must bide its time,
Living and learning still as years assist
Which wear the thickness thin, and let man see —
With me who hardly am withheld at all,
But shudderingly, scarce a shred between,
Lie bare to the universal prick of light ?

28. *Catherine M. Sedgwick, 1789.*

Is it for nothing we grow old and weak,
We whom God loves ? When pain ends, gain ends
too.

A DEATH IN THE DESERT.

29. *William Ewart Gladstone, 1809.*

— Thou waitedst age ; wait death nor be afraid !

RABBI BEN EZRA.

DECEMBER 30, 31

30. *George Henry Lewes died, 1878.*

So at the last shall come old age,
Decrepit as befits that stage ;
How else should'st thou retire apart
With the hoarded memories of the heart,
And gather all to the very least
Of the fragments of life's earlier feast,
Let fall through eagerness to find
The crowning dainties yet behind ?

THE FLIGHT OF THE DUCHESS.

31. *Spurzheim, 1776.*

Ponder on the entire past
Laid together now at last,
When the twilight helps to fuse
The first fresh, with the faded hues,
And the outline of the whole,
As round eve's shades their framework roll,
Grandly fronts for once thy soul !
And then as, 'mid the dark, a gleam
Of yet another morning breaks,
And like the hand which ends a dream
Death, with the might of his sunbeam,
Touches the flesh and the soul awakes,
Then —

THE FLIGHT OF THE DUCHESS.

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